No. 139. Look and Live.

Tenderly.

1. Look to Je-sus, wea-ry one, Look and live! look and live! Look at what the Lord has done, Look and live! See Him lift-ed on the tree, Look and live! look and live! Hear Him say, "Look un-to Me," Look and live!

CHORUS.

Look! the Lord is lift-ed high, Look to Him, He's e-ver nigh, Look and live! why will ye die? Look and live!

2. Though unworthy, vile, unclean,
Look and live! look and live!
Look away from self and sin,
Look and live!
Long by Satan's power enslaved,
Look and live! look and live!
ook to Me, ye shall be saved,
Look and live!

3. Though you've wandered far away,
Look and live! look and live!
Harden not your hearts to-day,
Look and live!
'Tis thy Father calls thee home,
Look and live! look and live!
Whosoever will may come,
Look and live!

No. 140. All Hail the Power.

1. All hail the power of Je-sus' name! Let an-gels pros-trate fall; Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all, Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem, And crown Him Lord . . . of all.

2. Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

3. Oh that with yonder sacred throng,
We at His feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

No. 141. Oh for a Thousand Tongues to Sing.

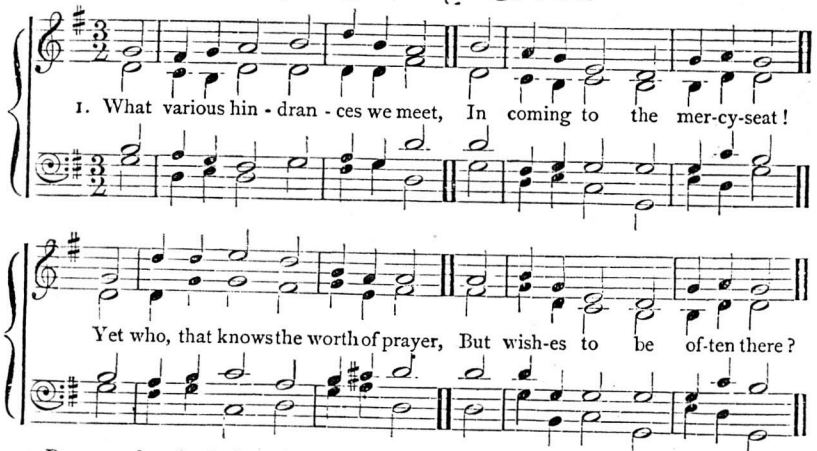
1. Oh for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace.

2. My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim—
To spread through all the earth abroad—
The honours of Thy Name.

3. Jesus, the Name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4. He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the vilest clean,
His blood availed for me.

No. 142. The Mercy Seat.



2. Prayer makes the darkened clouds withdraw;
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercise to faith aud love,
Brings every blessing from above.

3. Restraining prayer we cease to fight,
Prayer makes the Christian's armour bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

No. 143. Before Jehovah's Awful Throne.

1. Before Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create, and He destroy.

2. His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when like wandering sheep we strayed,
He brought us to His fold again.

3. We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth with her ten thousand tongues
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

4. Wide as the world is Thy command,
Vast as eternity Thy love;
Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

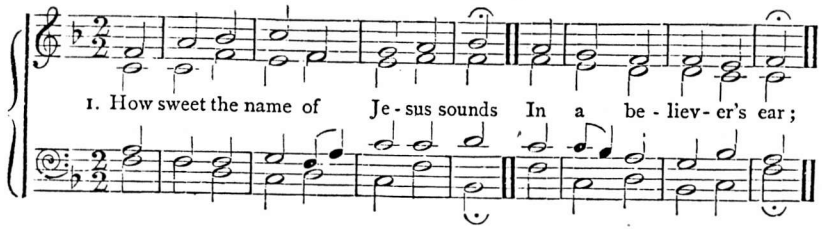
No. 144. From Every Stormy Wind.

1. From every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat;
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

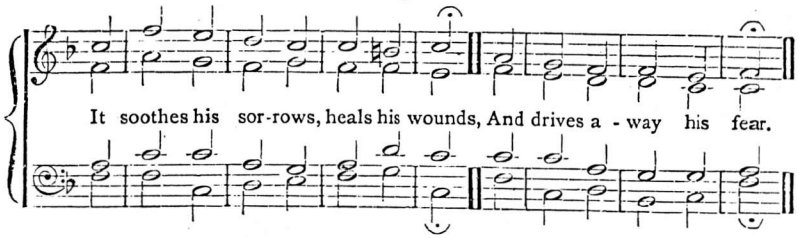
2. There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place than all besides more sweet,—
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3. There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend:
Though sundered far, by faith we meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

No. 145. How Sweet the Name.



How Sweet the Name—*continued.*



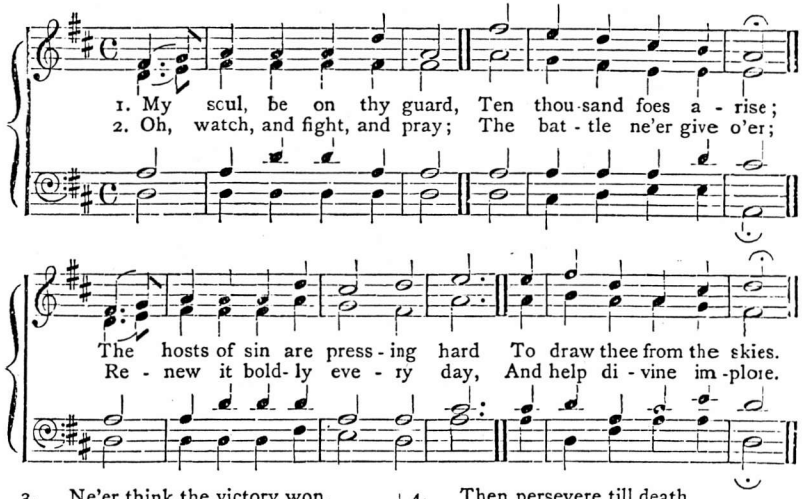
2. It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

3. Dear Name, the Rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place,
My never-failing treasure, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

4. Jesus, my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

5. I would Thy boundless love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
So shall the music of Thy Name
Refresh my soul in death.

No. 146. My Soul, be on Thy Guard.



3. Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armour down;
The work of faith will not be done,
Till thou obtain the crown.

4. Then persevere till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
To His divine abode.

No. 147. How Solemn are the Words. S.M.

1. How solemn are the words,
And yet to faith how plain,
Which Jesus uttered while on earth—
"*Ye must be born again!*"

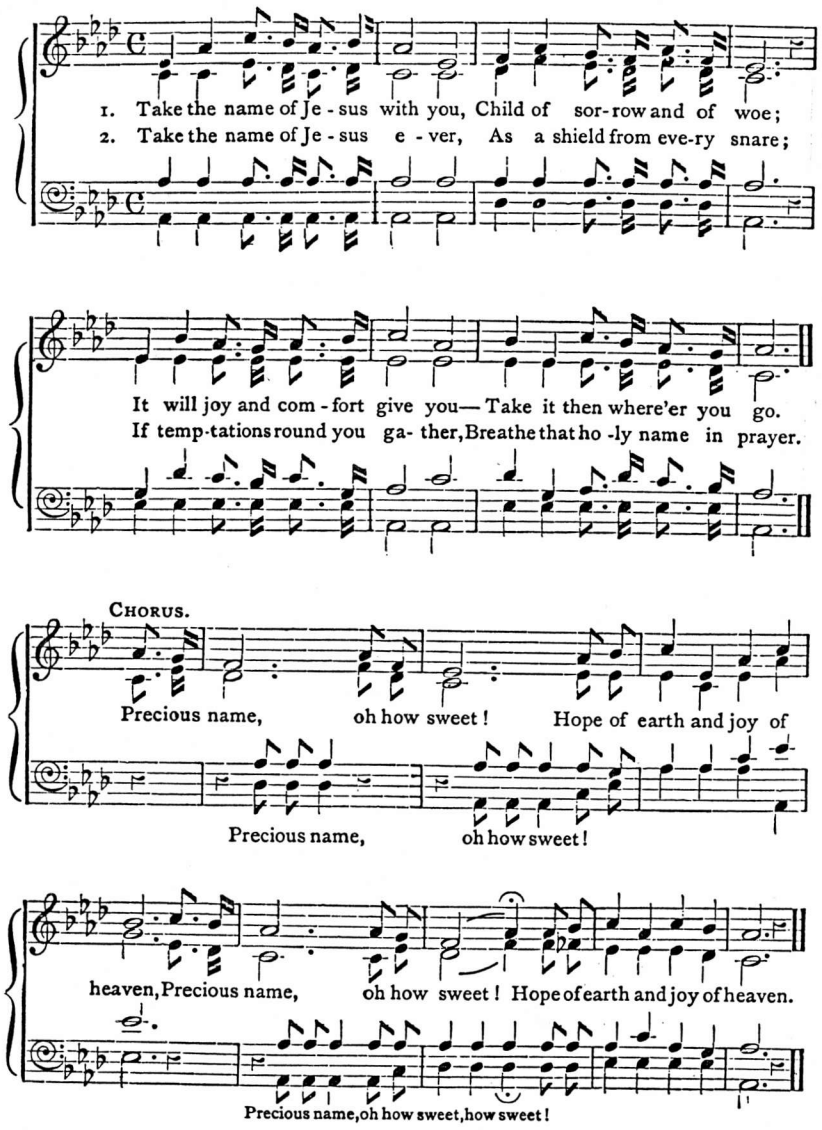
2. "*Ye must be born again!*"
For so hath God decreed;
No reformation will suffice—
'Tis *life* poor sinners need.

3. "*Ye must be born again!*"
And life *in Christ* must have;
In vain the soul may elsewhere go—
'Tis He *alone* can save.

4. "*Ye must be born again!*"
Or never enter heaven;
'Tis only blood-washed ones are there—
The ransomed and forgiven.

No. 148. The Precious Name.

"And blessed be His glorious name for ever."—PSALM lxxii. 19.



3.

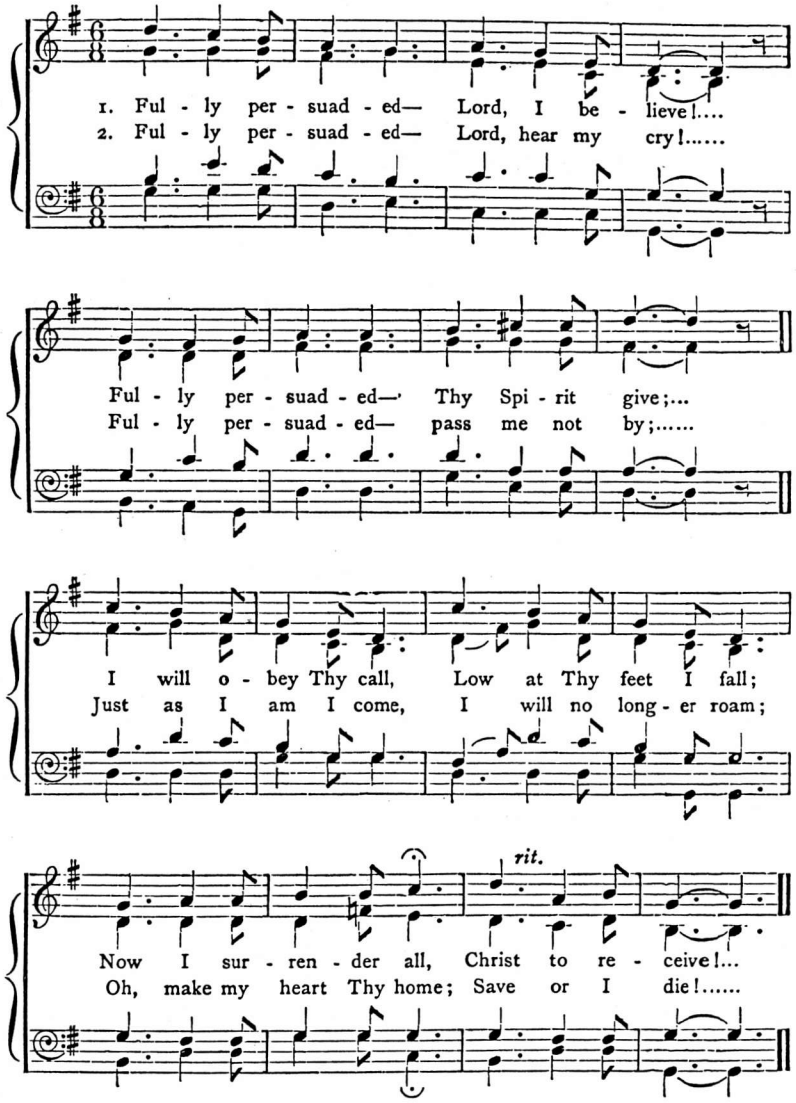
Oh the precious name of Jesus!
How it thrills our souls with joy
When His loving arms receive us,
And His songs our tongues employ!

4.

At the name of Jesus bowing,
Falling prostrate at His feet,
King of kings in heaven we'll crown Him,
When our journey is complete.

No. 149. Fully Persuaded.

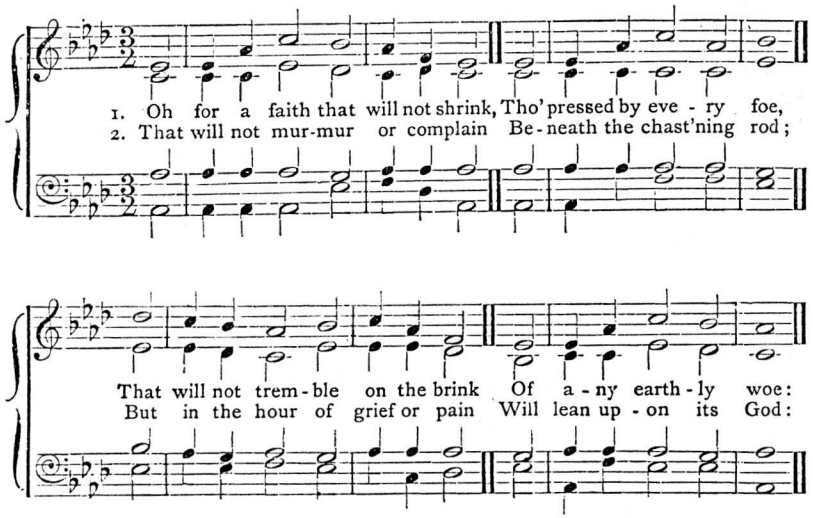
"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."—ACTS xvi. 31.



3. Fully persuaded—no more opprest,
Fully persuaded—now I am blest;
Jesus is now my Guide,
I will in Christ abide;
My soul is satisfied
In Him to rest.

4. Fully persuaded—Jesus is mine;
Fully persuaded—Lord, I am Thine;
Oh, make my love to Thee
Like Thine own love to me,
So rich, so full, and free,
Saviour divine!

No. 150. Oh for a Faith.



3. A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt.

4. Lord, give us such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home!

No. 151. Salvation, oh, the Joyful Sound. C.M.

1. Salvation! oh, the joyful sound!
What pleasure to our ears!
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2. Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

3. Salvation! O Thou bleeding Lamb,
To Thee the praise belongs!
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

No. 152. Joy to the World. C.M.

1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare Him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

2. Joy to the world! the Saviour reigns!
Let men their songs employ,
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

3. He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love.

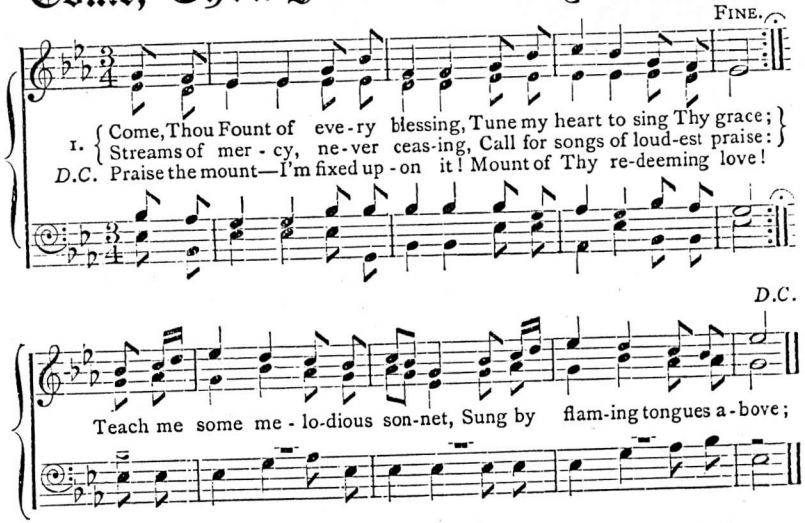
No. 153. Come, Holy Spirit. C.M.

1. Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers;
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours!

2. O Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate?—
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
And Thine to us so great?

3. Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours!

No. 154. Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing.



2. Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

3. Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee;
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—
Prone to leave the God I love—
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it,
Seal it for Thy courts above.

No. 155. In the Cross. 8.7.

1. In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time:
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

2. When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me;
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3. When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds new lustre to the day.

4. Ban and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there, that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

No. 156. Till He Come.

"For yet a little while, and He that shall come will come, and will not tarry."—Heb. x. 37.

Moderato. Fine.

1. Till He come— oh, let the words Lin-ger on the trembling chords;
D.C. Let us think how heaven and home Lie be-yond that "Till He come."
2. When the wea - ry ones we love En - ter on their rest a - bove,
D.C. Hush! be eve- ry mur - mur dumb! It is on - ly "Till He come."

D.C.

Let the "lit - tle while" be - tween In their gold - en light be seen;
Seems the earth so poor and vast?—All our life - joy o - ver - cast?

3. Clouds and conflicts round us press:
Would we have one sorrow less?
All the sharpness of the cross,
All that tells the world is loss,
Death, and darkness, and the tomb,
Only whisper "Till He come."

4. See, the feast of love is spread,
Drink the wine, and break the bread:
Sweet memorials,—till the Lord
Call us round His heavenly board;
Some from earth, from glory some,
Severed only, "Till He come."

No. 157. There is a Land.

"Thine eyes shall behold the land that is very far off."—Isaiah xxxiii. 17.

1. There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints im-mor - tal reign;
E - ter-nal day ex-cludes the night, And plea-sures ba - nish pain.

There e - ver-last- ing spring abides, And ne - ver - wi-thering flowers;

There is a Land—*continued.*

Death, like a nar- row sea, di-vides This heaven-ly land from ours.

2. Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

No. 158. Not All the Blood.

1. Not all the blood of beasts On Jew - ish al - tars slain,
2. But Christ, the heaven - ly Lamb, Takes all our sins a - way;

Could give the guil - ty conscience peace, Or wash a - way the stain.
A sa - cri- fice of no - bler name And rich- er blood than they.

3. My faith would lay her hand
On that dear Head of Thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4. My soul looks back to see
The burden Thou didst bear,
While hanging on th' accursed tree
And knows her guilt was there.

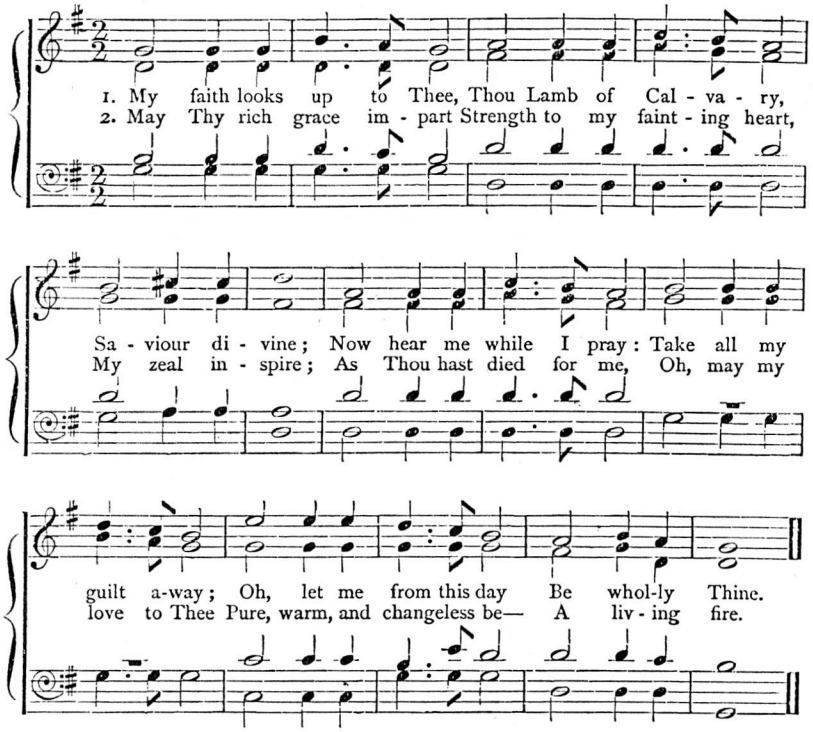
No. 159. Did Christ o'er Sinners Weep. S.M.

1. Did Christ o'er sinners weep?
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.

2. The Son of God in tears
The wondering angels see;
Be thou astonished, O my soul!
He shed those tears for thee.

3. He wept that we might weep;
Each sin demands a tear:
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

No. 160. My Faith Looks Up to Thee.



3. While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my Guide:
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away;
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

4. When ends life's transient dream,—
When death's cold sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,—
Blest Saviour, then in love,
Fear and distress remove;
Oh, bear me safe above,—
A ransomed soul.

No. 161. Saviour, I Follow On. 6.4.

1. Saviour! I follow on,
Guided by Thee,
Seeing not yet the hand
That leadeth me:
Hushed be my heart, and still;
Fear I no further ill;
Only to meet Thy will
My will shall be.

2. Riven the rock for me,
Thirst to relieve,
Manna from heaven I
Daily receive;
Never a want severe
Causeth mine eye a tear,
But Thou dost whisper near,
"Only believe."

3. Saviour! I long to walk
Closer with Thee;
Led by Thy guiding hand
Ever to be;
Constantly near Thy side,
Quickened and purified,
Living for Him who died
Freely for me.

No. 162. Nearer, My God, to Thee!

1.
Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee;
E'en though it be a cross that raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be—
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!

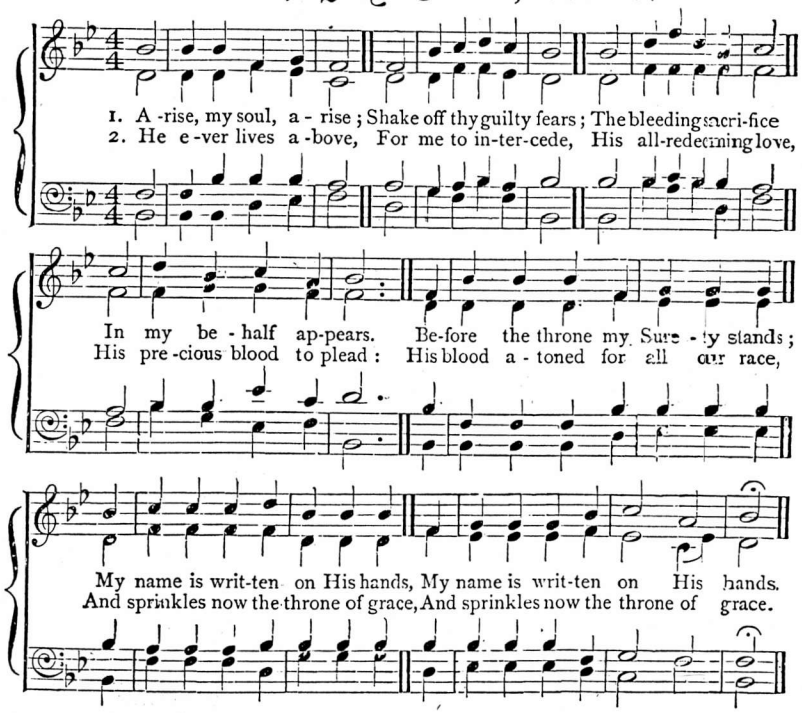
2.
Though, like the wanderer, the sun gone down,
Darkness be over me, my rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!

3.
There let the way appear steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me in mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!

4.
Then with my waking thoughts, bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!

5.
Or if on joyful wing cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot, upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be—
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!

No. 163. Arise, My Soul, Arise.



3.
Five bleeding wounds He bears,
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly plead for me.
Forgive him, oh forgive, they cry,
Nor let that ransomed sinner die.

4.
My God is reconciled;
His pardoning voice I hear;
He owns me for His child;
I can no longer fear:
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And "Father, Abba Father!" cry.

CONTENTS.

	Words by	Music by	HYMN
A drunkard reached his cheerless home			110
Alas! and did my Saviour bleed?	Isaac Watts	G. Franc	86
All hail the power of Jesu's name	E. Perronet	O. Holden	140
All people that on earth do dwell	100th Psalm	G. Franc	83
All the way my Saviour	F. J. Crosby	R. Lowry	131
A long time I wandered	P. P. Bliss	P. P. Bliss	40
Almost perusaded	P. P. Bliss	P. P. Bliss	52
Am I a soldier of the cross?	Isaac Watts	Arne	75
Arise, my soul, arise	C. Wesley	Edson	163
Before Jehovah's awful throne	Isaac Watts		143
Beneath the Cross of Jesus	Miss E. C. Clephane	Ira D. Sankey	108
Blest be the tie that binds	Fawcett		80
Brightly beams our Father's mercy	P. P. Bliss	P. P. Bliss	29
Come, every soul by sin oppressed	J. H. Stockton	J. H. Stockton	64
Come, Holy Spirit	Isaac Watts		153
Come home! come home!	Mrs. Gates	W. H. Doane	13
Come, Thou Fount of every blessing	Rev. R. Robinson		154
Come to the Saviour	G. F. Root	G. F. Root	16
Come, ye sinners, poor and needy	Rev. J. Hart		130
Depth of mercy! can there be?	C. Wesley		138
Did Christ o'er sinners weep?	Rev. B. Beddome		159
Down life's dark vale we wander	P. P. Bliss	P. P. Bliss	22
Farewell, faithful friends			111
Free from the law! oh, happy condition!	P. P. Bliss	P. P. Bliss	11
From every stormy wind	Rev. H. Stowell		144
Fully persuaded	Rev. J. B. Atchinson	W. F. Sherwin	149
Give me the wings of faith to rise	Isaac Watts	W. Kittridge	59
Go bury thy sorrow		P. P. Bliss	5
God loved the world of sinners lost	Mrs. Stockton	W. G. Fischer	38
Go thou in life's fair morning			102
"Go work in My vineyard"		T. C. O'Kane	4
Grace! 'tis a charming sound	Isaac Watts	Ira D. Sankey	81
Guide me, O Thou Great Jehovah	Williams		57
Hark the voice of Jesus crying	D. March	S. P. Grannis	18
Have you on the Lord believed?	P. P. Bliss	P. P. Bliss	8
Hear ye the glad Good News			96
Heavenly Father, bless me now	Rev. A. Clark	R. Lowry	120
He leadeth me! O blessed thought!	J. H. Gilmore	W. B. Bradbury	95
Ho! my comrades, see the signal	P. P. Bliss	P. P. Bliss	1
Ho! reapers of life's harvest		I. B. Woodbury	101
Holy Spirit, faithful Guide	M. M. Wells	M. M. Wells	132
Home at last, thy labour done	Ira D. Sankey	Ira D. Sankey	104
How solemn are the words			147
How sweet the name of Jesus sounds	Rev. J. Newton		145
I am coming to the cross	Wm. McDonald	W. G. Fischer	54
I am so glad that our Father	P. P. Bliss	P. P. Bliss	3
I gave My life for thee	F. R. Havergal	W. H. Havergal	122
I have a Saviour	S. O'M. C.	Ira D. Sankey	106
I have entered the valley	A. Wittenmeyer	W. G. Fischer	50
I hear the Saviour say	E. M. Hall	J. T. Grape	53
I hear Thy welcome voice	L. Hartsough	L. Hartsough	10
I heard the voice of Jesus say	Dr. H. Bonar		77

CONTENTS—*continued.*

	Words by	Music by	HYMN
I know not the hour when my Lord	P. P. Bliss	J. McGranahan	23
I left it all with Jesus	Miss E. H. Willis		28
I love to tell the Story	Miss Hankey	W. G. Fischer	51
I love to think of the heavenly land		W. B. Bradbury	97
I need Thee every hour	Mrs. A. S. Hawks	R. Lowry	84
I waited for the Lord my God	40th Psalm		79
I will sing you a song	Mrs. E. H. Gates		114
In some way or other the Lord will provide	Mrs. Cook	C. S. Harrington	21
In the Cross of Christ I glory			155
It passeth knowledge	Mary Shekleton	Ira D. Sankey	103
I've found a joy in sorrow		Ira D. Sankey	36
Jesus, keep me near the Cross	F. J. Crosby	W. H. Doane	127
Jesus, lover of my soul	C. Wesley	S. B. Marsh	62
Jesus loves me, this I know	Anna Warner		69
Jesus the water of life has given	Fanny Crosby		70
Joy-bells ringing	Pollard	Tucker	87
Joy to the world! the Lord is come!	Isaac Watts		152
Just as I am, without one plea	Charlotte Elliott	W. B. Bradbury	82
Knocking! knocking! who is there?	Words adapted from a Poem by Mrs. Stowe	G. F. Root	19
Lead me to the Rock that's higher	L. Hartsough	L. Hartsough	60
Let us gather up the sunbeams	Mrs. A. Smith	S. J. Vail	12
Light in the darkness, sailor	P. P. Bliss	P. P. Bliss	99
Lo! He comes with clouds			89
Look to Jesus, weary one			139
Lord, I hear of showers of blessing	Mrs. Codner	W. B. Bradbury	56
Lord Jesus, I long to be perfectly whole	J. Nicholson	W. G. Fischer	35
More holiness give me	P. P. Bliss	P. P. Bliss	94
Mourner, wheresoe'er thou art	F. J. Crosby	R. Lowry	90
My faith looks up to Thee	Rev. R. Palmer	Dr. T. Hastings	160
My God, I have found	J. Denham Smith		72
My soul, be on thy guard	G. Heath	Dr. L. Mason	146
Nearer, my God, to Thee	Sarah F. Adams		162
No condemnation!	R. C. Chapman		76
Not all the blood of beasts	Isaac Watts	Dr. L. Mason	158
Not now, my child!	Mrs. Pennefather	Ira D. Sankey	107
Nothing but leaves	L. E. Akerman	S. J. Vail	34
Nothing, either great or small	Proctor	Ira D. Sankey	74
O Christ, what burdens bowed	Mrs. Cousin	Ira D. Sankey	44
happy day, that fixed my choice	Doddridge		65
Oh, bliss of the purified	F. Bottome	W. B. Bradbury	47
Oh, come to the Saviour	F. J. Crosby	H. P. Main	136
Oh for a faith that will not shrink	Rev. W. H. Bathurst		150
Oh for a thousand tongues	C. Wesley		141
Oh, how sweet when we mingle	F. J. Crosby	R. Lowry	93
Oh, think of the home over there	D. W. C. Huntington	T. C. O'Kane	46
Oh to be nothing, nothing	Georgiana M. Taylor	Arr. by P. P. Bliss	133
Oh to be over yonder	Miss F. Armstrong		6
Once I was dead in sin	Rev. A. T. Pierson		115
One more day's work for Jesus	Miss A. Warner	R. Lowry	30
One offer of salvation	P. P. Bliss	P. P. Bliss	134
One there is above all others	Miss Marianne Nunn	H. P. Main	125
Only an armour-bearer	P. P. Bliss	P. P. Bliss	33
Our lamps are trimmed			100
Pass me not, O gentle Saviour	F. J. Crosby	W. H. Doane	63
Precious promise God hath given	N. N.	P. P. Bliss	128

CONTENTS—*continued.*

	Words by	*Music by*	HYMN
Rejoice, and be glad	Dr. H. Bonar		73
Rescue the perishing	F. J. Crosby	W. H. Doane	37
Ring the bells of heaven	W. O. Cushing	G. F. Root	39
Rock of Ages, cleft for me	Toplady	Dr. T. Hastings	61
Safe in the arms of Jesus	F. J. Crosby	W. H. Doane	25
Salvation! oh, the joyful sound	Isaac Watts		151
Saviour, more than life to me	F. J. Crosby	W. H. Doane	129
Saviour! I follow on	Rev. C. S. Robinson		161
Saviour, like a Shepherd lead us	D. Thrupp	W. B. Bradbury	98
Saviour! Thy dying love	Rev. S. D. Phelps	R. Lowry	119
Shall we gather at the river?	R. Lowry		68
Sowing the seed		P. P. Bliss	42
Standing by a purpose true	P. P. Bliss	P. P. Bliss	7
Stand up! stand up for Jesus!	G. Duffield	J. G. Webb	15
Sweet hour of prayer!	Walford	W. B. Bradbury	48
Take the name of Jesus	Mrs. Lydia Baxter	W. H. Doane	148
Tell me the Old, Old Story	Miss Hankey	W. H. Doane	14
The Cross! the blood-stained Cross!		Mrs. Stockton	88
The God of Abraham praise!	T. Olivers		116
The Great Physician now is near		J. H. Stockton	49
The Lord's my Shepherd		W. H. Havergal	78
The Spirit, O sinner	P. P. Bliss	P. P. Bliss	124
The whole world was lost	P. P. Bliss	P. P. Bliss	123
There are angels hovering round		(Old Melody. Arr.)	55
There is a fountain filled with blood	W. Cowper	(Old Melody. Arr.)	45
There is a gate that stands ajar	Mrs. L. Baxter	S. J. Vail	2
There is a land, a sunny land		W. A. Ogden	91
There is a land of pure delight	Isaac Watts	G. F. Root	157
There is life for a look	A. M. Hull	E. G. Taylor	32
There were ninety and nine	Elizabeth C. Clephane	Ira D. Sankey	43
There's a beautiful land on high	J. Nicholson		67
There's a cry from Macedonia		W. B. Bradbury	105
There's a land that is fairer than day	S. F. Bennett	J. P. Webster	9
This loving Saviour	P. P. Bliss	P. P. Bliss	118
Through the valley of the shadow	P. P. Bliss	P. P. Bliss	26
Till He come! oh, let the words	Rev. E. H. Bickersteth	Dr. L. Mason	156
'Tis the promise of God	P. P. Bliss	P. P. Bliss	92
To-day the Saviour calls	Dr. T. Hastings	Dr. L. Mason	71
To the hall of the feast	Emma J. Butler	I. B. Woodbury	41
"Up with thy hands"	H. L. Hammond	P. P. Bliss	137
Wand'ring afar	P. P. Bliss	P. P. Bliss	112
Weary gleaner, whence comest thou?	P. P. Bliss	P. P. Bliss	121
We're going home	Paulina	P. P. Bliss	113
We're marching to Canaan	Paulina	P. P. Bliss	85
We shall meet beyond the river	Rev. J. Atkinson	H. P. Main	109
We shall meet in the Eden above	W. W. Whitney	W. W. Whitney	27
What a Friend we have in Jesus!	Dr. H. Bonar	C. C. Converse	117
What means this eager, anxious throng?	Miss Campbell	T. E. Perkins	20
What various hindrances we meet	W. Cowper	Dr. L. Mason	142
When He cometh	W. O. Cushing	G. F. Root	17
Who, who are these?	T. C. O'Kane	T. C. O'Kane	58
Whosoever heareth	P. P. Bliss	P. P. Bliss	24
With harps and with viols	Rev. A. T. Pierson	P. P. Bliss	126
Work, for the night is coming	S. Dyer		66
Yet there is room	Dr. H. Bonar	Ira D. Sankey	31
Yield not to temptation	H. R. Palmer	H. R. Palmer	135

SPECIMEN PAGE OF D EDITION

(LARGE TYPE)

OF

"SACRED SONGS AND SOLOS."

(*WORDS ONLY.*)

19 Knocking! Knocking! Who is There?

"Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear My voice and open the door, I will come in to him and will sup with him, and he with Me."—REV. iii. 20.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos, No.* 19.

KNOCKING! knocking! who is there?
Waiting, waiting, oh, how fair!
'Tis a Pilgrim, strange and kingly,
Never such was seen before;
Ah, my soul, for such a wonder
Wilt thou not undo the door?

2 Knocking! knocking! still He's there;
Waiting, waiting, wondrous fair!
But the door is hard to open,
For the weeds and ivy-vine,
With their dark and clinging tendrils,
Ever round the hinges twine.

3 Knocking! knocking!—what, still there!
Waiting, waiting, grand and fair!
Yes, the piercéd hand still knocketh,
And beneath the crownéd hair
Beam the patient eyes, so tender,
Of thy Saviour waiting there.

20 Jesus of Nazareth Passeth by.

"He heard that it was Jesus of Nazareth."—MARK x. 47.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos, No.* 20.

WHAT means this eager, anxious throng,
Which moves with busy haste along?—
These wondrous gatherings day by day?
What means this strange commotion, pray?
In accents hushed the throng reply,
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

2 Who is this Jesus? Why should He
The city move so mightily?

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(MEDIUM TYPE)

OF

"SACRED SONGS AND SOLOS."

(*WORDS ONLY.*)

73 **Rejoice and be Glad.**

By DR. H. BONAR. *Written expressly for this work.* (*Copyright.*)

"The voice of rejoicing and salvation is in the tabernacles of the righteous."—Psalm cxviii. 15.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos, No.* 72.

REJOICE and be glad! The Redeemer has come!
Go look on His cradle, His cross, and His tomb.
Sound His praises, tell the Story, of Him who was slain.
Sound His praises, tell with gladness He liveth again.

2 Rejoice and be glad! it is sunshine at last!
The clouds have departed, the shadows are past.

3 Rejoice and be glad! for the blood hath been shed!
Redemption is finished, the price hath been paid.

4 Rejoice and be glad! now the pardon is free!
The Just for the unjust has died on the tree.

5 Rejoice and be glad! for the Lamb that was slain
O'er death is triumphant, and liveth again.

6 Rejoice and be glad! for our King is on high,
He pleadeth for us, on His throne in the sky.

7 Rejoice and be glad! for He cometh again:
He cometh in glory, the Lamb that was slain.
Sound His praises, tell the Story of Him who was slain;
Sound His praises, tell with gladness He cometh again.

74 **"It is Finished!"**

"Jesus said, It is finished."—John xix. 30.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos, No* 74.

NOTHING either great or small—nothing, sinner, no;
Jesus did it, did it all, long, long ago.
"IT IS FINISHED!" yes, indeed, finished every jot:
Sinner, this is all you need; tell me, is it not?

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SPECIMEN PAGE OF B EDITION

OF

"SACRED SONGS AND SOLOS."

(*WORDS ONLY.*)

134 TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos, No.* 134.

ONE offer of salvation, to all the world made known;
The only sure foundation is Christ, the Corner-Stone.
No other name is given, no other way is known,
'Tis Jesus Christ the First and Last, He saves, and He alone.

2 One only door of heaven stands open wide to-day;
One sacrifice is given, 'tis Christ, the living way.

3 My only song and story is—Jesus died for me;
My only hope for glory,—The Cross of Calvary.

135 TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos, No.* 135.

YIELD not to temptation, for yielding is sin,
Each victory will help you some other to win;
Fight manfully onward, dark passions subdue,
Look ever to Jesus, He'll carry you through.
Ask the Saviour to help you, comfort, strengthen, and keep you
He is willing to aid you, He will carry you through.

2 Shun evil companions, bad language disdain,
God's name hold in reverence, nor take it in vain;
Be thoughtful and earnest, kind-hearted and true,
Look ever to Jesus, He'll carry you through.

3 To him that o'ercometh God giveth a crown,
Thro' faith we shall conquer, though often cast down;
He who is our Saviour our strength will renew,
Look ever to Jesus, He'll carry you through.

136 TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos, No.* 136.

OH, come to the Saviour, believe in His name,
And ask Him your heart to renew:
He waits to be gracious, oh, turn not away,
For now there is pardon for you.
Yes, there is pardon for you, yes, there is pardon for you;
For Jesus has died to redeem you, and offers full pardon to you.

2 The way of transgression that leads unto death,
Oh, why will you longer pursue?
How can you reject the sweet message of love,
That offers full pardon for you?

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SPECIMEN PAGE OF A DITION OF "SACRED SONGS AND SOLOS."

(*WORDS ONLY.*)

122 *Tune*—S. S. & S., No. 122.

"I GAVE My life for thee;
My precious blood I shed,
That thou might'st ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead.
I gave My life for thee,
What hast thou given for Me?

2 "I spent long years for thee
In weariness and woe,
That an eternity
Of joy thou mightest know.
I spent long years for thee:
Hast thou spent *one* for Me?

3 "My Father's home of light,
My rainbow-circled throne,
I left, for earthly night,
For wanderings sad and lone.
I left it all for thee:
Hast thou left aught for Me?

4 "I suffered much for thee—
More than thy tongue can tell
Of bitterest agony,—
To rescue thee from hell.
I suffered much for thee:
What canst thou bear for Me?

5 "And I have brought to thee,
Down from My home above,
Salvation full and free,
My pardon and My love.
Great gifts I brought to thee:
What hast thou brought to Me?"

6 Oh, let thy life be given,
Thy years for Him be spent;
World-fetters all be riven,
And joy with suffering blent.
Bring thou thy worthless all;
Follow thy Saviour's call.

123 *Tune*—S. S. & S, No. 123.

THE whole world was lost in the darkness of sin,
The Light of the world is Jesus.
Like sunshine at noonday His glory shone in,
The Light of the world is Jesus.
Come to the Light, 'tis shining for thee;
Sweetly the Light has dawned upon me.
Once I was blind, but now I can see:
The Light of the world is Jesus

2 No darkness have we who in Jesus abide,
The Light of the world is Jesus.
We walk in the Light when we follow our Guide,
The Light of the world is Jesus.

3 Ye dwellers in darkness, with sin-blinded eyes,
The Light of the world is Jesus.
Go, wash at His bidding, and light will arise:
The Light of the world is Jesus.

4 No need of the sunlight in heaven, we're told,
The Light of that world is Jesus.
The Lamb is the light in the City of Gold,
The Light of that world is Jesus.

124 *Tune*—S. S. & S., No. 124.

THE Spirit, O sinner, in mercy doth move [to reprove;
Thy heart so long hardened, of sin
Resist not the Spirit, no longer delay;
God's gracious entreaties may end with to-day.

2 O child of the kingdom, from sin's service cease: [fort and peace.
Be filled with the Spirit, with com-
Oh, *grieve* not the Spirit,—Thy Teacher is He,— [fied be.
That Jesus, thy Saviour, may glori-

3 Defiled is the temple, its beauty laid low, [faint glow.
On God's holy altar the embers
By love yet re-kindled, a flame may be fanned; [*is at hand!*
Oh, *quench* not the Spirit, *The Lord*

125 *Tune*—S. S. & S., No. 125.

ONE there is above all others,
Oh, how He loves!
His is love beyond a brother's
Oh, how He loves!

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